BALLET TODAY

VOL. I. No. 1 MARCH—APRIL, 1946

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO BALLET EVERYWHERE

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT: SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

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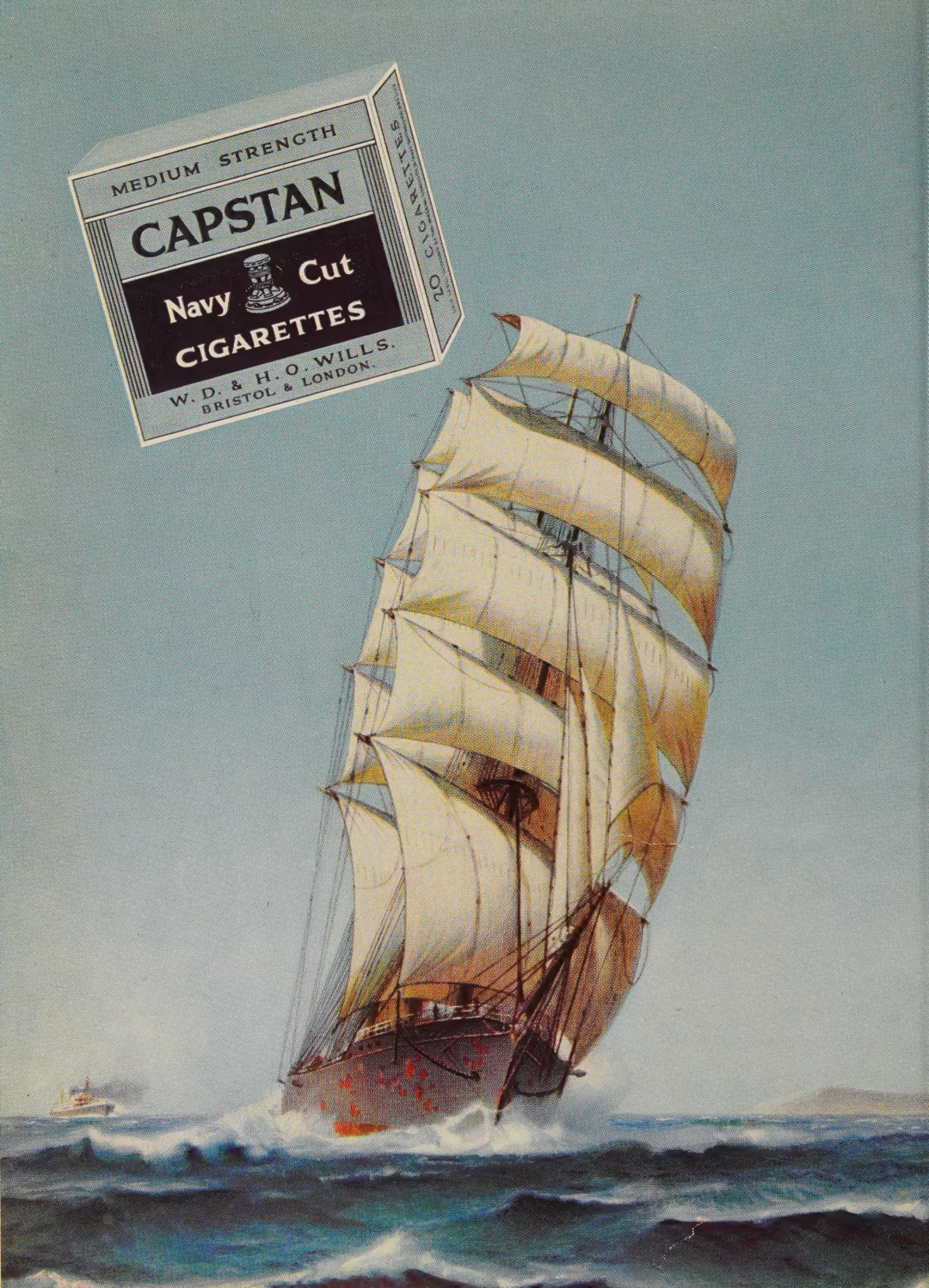
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Photograph (specially taken by Fred Daniels of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) shows Sally Gray—star of the film 'Dangerous Moonlight', and also of many successful London stage productions.

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BALLET TODAY

ol. I. No. 1 March—April, 1946

CONTENTS

	Page
he Birth of British Ballet, by M. Montagu-Nathan	6
esigning for Ballet, by Cecil Beaton	9
allet in the Soviet Union Today, by Iris Morley	12
Survey of Ballet in the U.S.A., by Murray N. Friedman	17
adler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, reviewed by Mary Clarke	19-29
allet Exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne	30
allet at Sadler's Wells Theatre	30
he First Night of "Petrouchka" in London, by Janet Leeper	33
s Ballet really Popular? by Ernest Fraser	37
he London Archives of the Dance	41
n Anatomy of Ballet Clubs, by G. B. L. Wilson	42
orthcoming Events	43

★

Introducing "Ballet Today"

IT is usual for editors to use the royal plural which has the effect of making the slightest expression of pinion sound like a *pronunciamento*. I prefer the more uman and personal singular as I address for the first ime what I must admit to being proud of calling my" public.

"Ballet Today" makes its bow in the hope that you vill like what is offered, but you will find that even etter things are to come. To me a love of Ballet does ot mean an interest in the work of one particular ompany or one particular country, but an interest in allet everywhere—in the past, the present and the uture. I believe this expresses the feelings of all enuine lovers of Ballet, and I should like to feel that his magazine will be the medium for all kinds of people o express all kinds of views—the one essential being that it shall be *for* ballet lovers *by* ballet lovers. If this can be called a policy then it is the policy that will guide "Ballet Today".

There is no doubt that the war years were largely responsible for the tremendous increase in the numbers of ballet goers all over England, for they made not only possible but essential the extensive tours all over the country which brought Ballet to places where even now, in ordinary circumstances, it might still be less than a name. Neither is there any sign that this popularity has reached its peak, although the triumphant re-opening of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company is certainly our summit of achievement so far. Perhaps it will not be too long before Ballet from other countries offers us the stimulus of comparison, which will be to the great good both of our dancers and their audience.

In this first issue "Ballet Today" devotes a central section of twelve pages to the present Covent Garden season. There are also general surveys of the Ballet in the Soviet Union and the U.S.A., and this groundwork having been laid, future issues will cover current events in both these countries. It is hoped also to include in our next number an article from Australia on the vigorous ballet movement which has sprung up there during the last few years.

Unfortunately paper restrictions have made it impossible for "Ballet Today" to start life as a monthly, and during the current year it will appear as a quarterly, the next issue coming out in July. Owing to prevailing restrictions by Paper Control it is possible that the number of pages in the next issue may have to be reduced in size and correspondingly in price. Our many subscribers will appreciate that it is better to do this so that all our readers can obtain their copy. At the first opportunity we will increase the number of pages.

For the present it is regretted that we cannot accept annual subscriptions, as size and number of pages and price must remain uncertain until the paper position improves. We would advise our readers to place a regular order with their newsagent or if they write to us we shall be pleased to add their names to our mailing list.

P.W.M.

The Peggy Delius action photograph on the cover is of the Ballet Rambert in "Les Sylphides". Sally Gilmour and Norman Thomson are seen in the pas de deux.

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THE BIRTH OF BRITISH BALLE

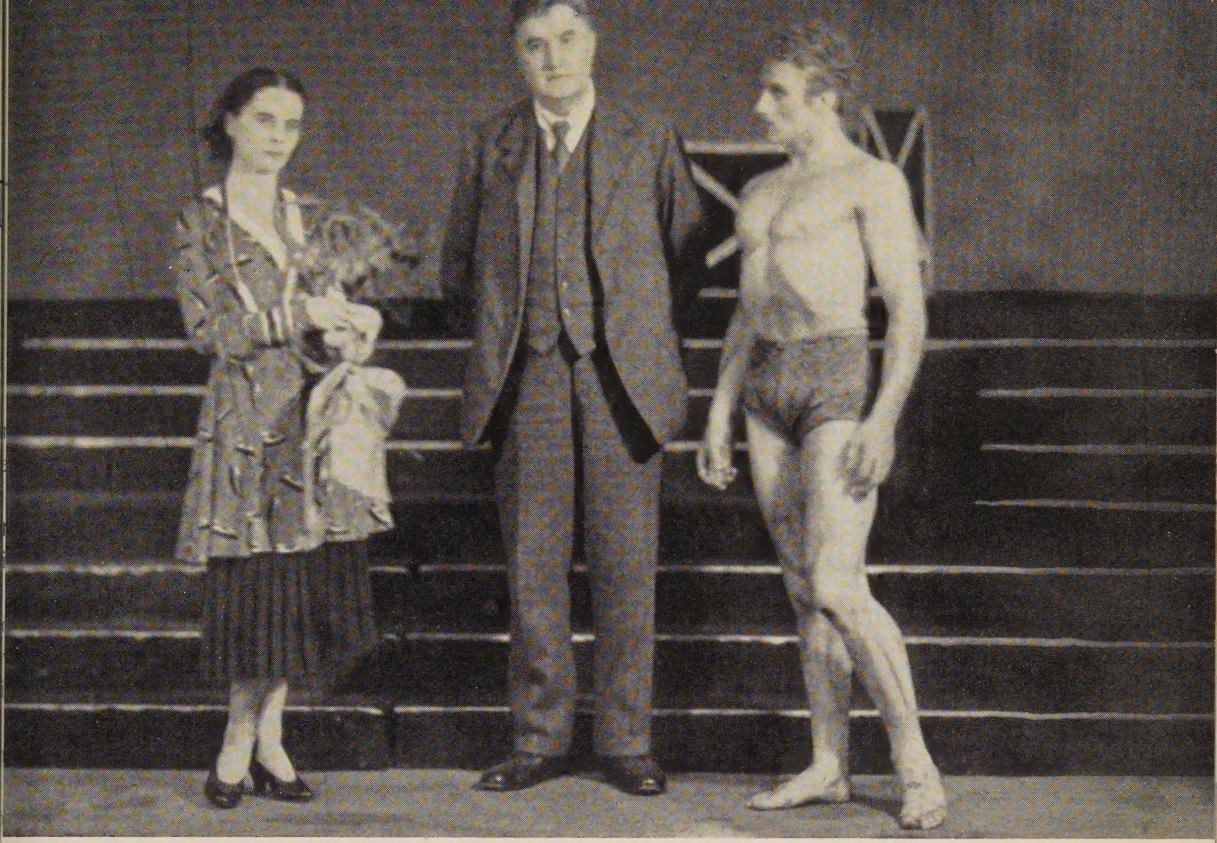
The Story of the Camargo Society

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

THE title of this narrative, recalling a pioneer movement in which a rare courage was displayed and which eventually achieved an almost overwhelming artistic success, consists of the momentous and prophetic words which prefaced an utterance delivered by Lydia Lopokova from the stage of the Cambridge Theatre, London, during an interval at the Camargo Society's Initial Production on Sunday, October 19th, 1930. No one in the huge audience can have foreseen how completely this prediction would be fulfilled, and how sturdy an adolescence the new-born infant would one day attain.

A little more than a year before, early in the morning of August 19th, 1929, the never-to-be-forgotten Sergei Pavlovich Diaghilev had passed away in Venice, and his body had been conveyed in a gondola to its permanent resting-place on the island of St. Michele. It seemed to be generally believed that the Art of Ballet itself had been buried with the remains of that supreme artist. It should be remembered that the name of de Basil, far from possessing, in those days, its eventual world-wide significance, was hardly known. And so far as concerns this country, it is difficult to believe that there had not yet come into existence either the now-famous Sadler's Wells concern or the flourishing Rambert Ballet. In order to comprehend the activity which supervened upon its conception, it is necessary to recall the circumstances relating to the Camargo Society's gestatory period. Also, to remember that whilst "all London" had flocked to the performances of t Russian Ballet, little or no interest had be aroused in the provinces. Another almo unbelievable circumstance is that at t period of the Camargo Society's foundati the literature of the Ballet was confined a dozen or so volumes—most of them beyo the reach of the average balletomane's purs

These, then, were the conditions prevaili when, in the early autumn of 1929, P. J. Richardson, the Editor of the *Dancing Tim* a popular magazine devoted to all forms the Dance, invited Arnold Haskell (in whc knapsack was concealed the baton nc wielded by that Field-Marshal of the arr of balletomanes) to take luncheon with h at a restaurant bearing the appropria terpsichorean designation of Chez Taglior By the end of the meal the plot was hatche Camargo was conceived; the hatching of t infant itself was soon to follow. The fi step was to interest those likely to exhi concern for the project. This was effect by inviting everyone in this category to series of dinners at which discussion of t scheme would be fostered. These were he at a somewhat humbler Soho resort. their outcome a provisional Committee v formed and a general plan outlined. Camar was to emulate the Stage Society by holdi quarterly performances. The child v already stirring in the womb. It was at t stage that it occurred to someone that it v time to look about for a competent midw —a secretarial functionary who might expected to unravel knots with a dexter



NINETTE DE VALOIS, DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND ANTON DOLIN ON THE STAGE AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "JOB"
PHOTOGRAPH BY POLLARD CROWTHER

exceeding that of Sterne's immortal obstetrician, Dr. Slop; one, moreover, who would refrain from cursing when knots proved obstinate. Edwin Evans, who had by this time become Chairman of the Committee, was charged with the task of discovering a suitable candidate, and his choice fell upon the writer of these lines. The first major administrative undertaking allotted to me was the organising of an inaugural banquet, to be held at the Hotel Metropole on February 16th, 1930. It proved to be the largest assemblage of the kind ever gathered together. There were some three hundred guests. At the "bloods" table, ranged on each side of Adeline Genée, who had consented to preside over the occasion, sat such enthusiasts as Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Karsavina, Haskell, Phyllis Bedells, Edwin Evans, Lopokova and her husband, J. M. Keynes (now Lord Keynes), and Arthur Bliss. Such names were a guarantee of the seriousness of the Committee's intentions. The banquet passed off with only one hitch. Evans had written asking for the blessing of Bernard Shaw. The reply, on a postcard, proved, in more senses than one, to be a curse. The author of *The Applecart* sadly upset our vehicle of publicity by capturing the captions in the next day's Press. However, we obtained, a year later, a revenge of the pleasantest kind, when the distinguished but discouraging playwright became a member of the Society.

The dimensions of this article will not permit of a detailed description of the Committee's labours in the interim between the above-mentioned gastronomic and terpsichorean affair and the initial production in the following autumn. Perhaps the most

difficult problems were the search for a theatre with an adequate orchestra-pit and the selection of suitable personnel in the region of décor. Meanwhile subscriptions were pouring in—many of them from people highly distinguished in the world of Art. But the main preoccupation now lay with the Production Committee, whose job it was to put on a show that would set the Thames on fire. They succeeded entirely beyond expectation. The audience, hungering for Ballet, after a period of tightened belts, consumed the fare put before them with an avidity bordering on greed.

On this epoch-making occasion the programme was compiled with the utmost catholicity. First came the ballet from *Robert the Devil*, produced by Adeline Genée with the co-operation of her uncle Alexander, and featuring Phyllis Bedells. The principal item, however, was Constant Lambert's *Pomona*, with choreography by Frederick Ashton, in which Anton Dolin partnered the American Anna Ludmila. There were two divertissements, one based on Debussy's Sacred and Profane Dances—arranged by Ninette de Valois—the other, somewhat more diverting, being scenes in a Dentist's Waiting Room, in which Penelope Spencer assumed the dual role of choreographer and dentured Dowager. Then the programme went "all experimental" with a first performance of a Dance-Suite composed by Christian Darnton and executed by Anny Boalth—an exponent of the Central-European movement. The evening concluded with a finale in which a *Pas de Deux*, danced by Ninette de Valois and Anton Dolin was the principal feature. It was produced by the veteran Nicholas Legat. Camargo was now definitely on the map. The newspapers displayed an enthusiasm which was exceedingly welcome. But we fully recognised that if the metropolitan river had become ignited it was largely due to the generosity of the Press in preparing its surface with material whose flash-point was high

It should here be recorded that the ai we received from Ninette de Valois, an subsequently from Marie Rambert, w rendered before these two great artists ha reached the prominence they ultimate achieved in the domain of British Balle (They had, of course, presented their ow pupils in works in which British chorec graphers had collaborated.) But it canno be too firmly emphasised that without th untiring and unremitting assistance of thes two gifted women our performances coul never have taken place. As to Constan Lambert, who burnt gallons of midnight o in manipulating orchestral scores to suit ou smallish orchestra, well, in those days th problem of reducing his weight can hav presented little difficulty. Finally, Frederic Ashton. Camargo afforded him a splendi opportunity of displaying his choreograph talent, and this service was amply repaid. H work as producer of a number of ballets durin the Society's career was absolutely invaluabl

Details of our subsequent undertakin have more than once been recorded els where, and are by way of becoming ancie history. If one of our greatest successe *Facade*, had already been staged at th miniature Mercury Theatre, we were ab to credit ourselves with having given it ((was our declared policy) a full-dress perform ance at a West End theatre with elabora scenery and an orchestra. But with *Job* was a different matter. This was essentiall a Camargo production and was, indeed, i outstanding achievement. The best eviden of its quality was an immediate invitation present it before a cosmopolitan audien at the annual festival of the Internation Society for Contemporary Music at Oxfor It was at about this time, when the worl wide "slump" had arrived at its zenit that the Camargo exchequer reached a cris and but for the timely aid of J. M. Keyne

(*Continued on page* 11

DESIGNING FOR BALLET

Designs and Comments by CECIL BEATON (in an interview)

MY first ballet was *Apparitions* for Frederick Ashton early in 1936. I ke working for him tremendously. We nderstand each other's tastes and respect ach other's views so that we can work gether in sympathy—most essential in the elationship between choreographer and de-gner. This ballet is a great favourite of mine, nd I wish we could do it again as we really anted it to be done. In 1936 there was ery little money and Dame Lilian Baylis ept a very tight hold of the purse, so I ould like the chance of re-designing some f the costumes. In my opinion, the ball-oom scene is one of the finest things in ny ballet anywhere, and my dresses for it ere beautifully executed, but elsewhere here was a good deal of skimping and the esult was not satisfactory, particularly for he Bells and in the cavern scene".

(All who have seen *Apparitions* will agree ith Beaton about the ballroom scene for hich he designed dresses of the Romantic eriod which are amongst the most beautiful ver seen on the Ballet stage. We reproduce ere his design for the black dress, together ith the décor for this episode—white back-loth and a series of flats between which he dancers appeared and disappeared and gainst which were thrown the shadows of 'cello and music-stand and two candelabra —a masterpiece of suggestion by elimination. or the first scene he made the Poet's study place of Kafka-like foreboding simply by lacing his set with its tall, pointed windows t an architecturally impossible angle.)

"My experience with the de Basil Ballet ater in the same year was not nearly so appy, though I was naturally delighted when was asked if I would design the décor for Lichine's *Le Pavillon*. There was no feeling of co-operation, and at the conferences beforehand everyone would suddenly burst into Russian amongst themselves, leaving me quite in the dark as to what decisions they might be making without my knowledge. As I planned the costumes they were to be pale blue, with bright colours laid over this foundation, but when de Basil saw them partly made with only the blue foundations, he was so enraptured that, very much against my better judgment, he persuaded me to leave them as they were. However, on the stage the effect was anæmic, and finally I was able to have them made as I had all along intended. But my disappointment over

BALLROOM DRESS FOR "APPARITIONS"

BALLROOM SCENE, "APPARITIONS"

this production did teach me a valuable lesson—to insist on having my designs carried out exactly as I plan them. When an artist thinks out a whole range of colours, it is not an arbitrary whim on his part that a certain colour should be placed in a certain position. It is the result of a carefully worked out scheme, and to take the view that it does not matter simply will not do".

(*Le Pavillon* was Lichine's third ballet, if one includes *Nocturne*, which was in collaboration with Massine and given a few performances during the Alhambra season of the de Basil Ballet in 1933. It was his first to achieve any sort of success, and this was chiefly due to the misty enchantment of Cecil Beaton's décor with its lighted pavilion in the background.)

"A ballet I very much enjoyed designing was *The First Shoot* for one of Cochran's revues. Osbert Sitwell provided the story, Lord Berners was the composer, and Ashton the choreographer. I believe this cou easily be made into a full-length ballet Berners could be persuaded to compo some additional music to lengthen it about ten minutes, for it was qui exceptional for a revue.

"Now I am collaborating again wi Ashton and Berners on a new ballet, which we all have great hopes. At t moment it is called *The Seagulls* and vaguely based on Ouida's *Moths*, though t is more as regards the period and some the characters than in actual plot. The tim of course, is the early nineteen-hundre which gives me great scope, and the sce is a fashionable *plage* at the height of t season. There is a large cast, and the whc production will be on an elaborate scal although it is all very lighthearted. I spe a fortnight with Lord Berners workii solidly on it all day, exchanging ideas a discussing every detail. It is probable th

he décor itself will be the result of our ooled ideas, though all the dresses are mine. believe everyone will find his score delightul. I might mention that the colour scheme or the Oriental entrance is the result of wo weeks of gazing at the book jackets all ound the walls of Lord Berners' library. ust before the war I was in Morocco, and ooking down from a terrace one afternoon t the crowds passing beneath, I was suddenly truck by the amazing variety of hues. In rder not to forget, I jotted them down on visiting card, hoping that one day I should e able to use such a scheme. In this ballet have done so, and I do not think there as ever been anything like it in our theatre efore''.

(This is the ballet which will follow he César Franck Symphonic Variations as shton's next offering. He has had it in nind for nearly three years, and is at last bout to make it come true. It is one of is gay frolics, but with Covent Garden for is stage it will be on a larger scale than nything he has done before. The title is only tentative and may be changed. Ashton himself will appear in it as an Eastern potentate.)

In a later issue *Ballet Today* hopes to reproduce in colour some of Cecil Beaton's designs for this ballet.

SCENE FOR "LE PAVILLON"

(*Continued from page* 8)

who consented to accept the burdensome ffice of Hon. Treasurer, we should certainly ave come to a disastrous end. It was with is assent that we decided upon that positively rodigious plunge—the month of Ballet at he Savoy Theatre during the height of the ocial "season" of 1932—an adventure which had been casually mooted, during ne of our quarterly performances, by H. G. Vells. Thanks to our expert economist, ve obtained substantial guarantees. But the eason, which gained for us a tremendous uccess of esteem, proved ruinously expensive, nd Camargo was once more faced with a nancial *contretemps*. After that only one hore quarterly evening was held. The osition had become alarming. It was then hat Keynes made his supreme effort. The World Economic Conference had met in London to discuss the consequences of the "slump". For its relaxation (and edification) two Camargo gala performances were arranged at Covent Garden. On both occasions there was an audience of the greatest brilliance. The Royal family and the Diplomatic Corps attended in force and the huge opera-house was filled to capacity. The Conference is often referred to as "ill-fated", but for Camargo it proved a saviour. The profits were sufficient not only to solve all its financial problems, but to furnish a handsome margin which was subsequently placed at the disposal of the by now well-established Vic-Wells Ballet. That British Ballet, the birth of which had been announced nearly three years before, had become indeed a bouncing boy!

BALLET IN THE SOVIET UNION TODAY

By IRIS MORLEY

I THINK that every foreigner fond of the theatre, who has spent some time in Moscow or Leningrad, feels that it is a tragedy that Russian Ballet is today such a purely native and secluded art, and that its productions and dancers are almost unknown abroad. In England and America the general public is for the most part unaware that there is any considerable Ballet in Russia, and "Russian dancer" means almost automatically a member of one of the exiled White Russian troupes. What, I confess, did surprise me was to find in Eastern Europe this summer an almost similar ignorance. Even in a pro-Russian capital like Belgrade the director of the state opera house told me that their Ballet was in the style of Jooss, that the only Russian dancers they knew were such of the ex-Diaghilev ballerinas who had settled in Balkan cities. He had no idea what was being danced in the Soviet Union or who was dancing it.

This ignorance is by no means all the fault of the foreigner; it is largely that of the Soviet authorities, who apart from being the worst of propagandists, simply do not care for the opinion of the outside world in a field in which they consider themselves, not without some cause, to be supreme. While in the Soviet Union I never saw any evidence to suggest that any dancer or ballet master felt any desire to dance for the outside world (though many were personally curious about foreign life and would have liked to travel); to dance for Russia was the important thing. In fact, as a whole, the Russians have singularly little desire to be admired or acclaimed by foreign countries—an attitude that I think arises not from vanity, but from an intense preoccupation with their own concerns. I happen to know that during the war years two or three requests were made by British statesmen to the equivalent Soviet authorities that the Bolshoi Ballet might in peacetime be allowed to visit London, and that the reply had always been, "Well, it will be difficult—we don't know if we can spare them for a season". Naturally this answer sounds frivolous to an Englishman, for which of us can admit that it is more important to dance for the shabby crowds of Moscow than for the intelligentsia of England at Covent Garden? So it has been interpreted as meaning that the Russians are afraid to let their dancers go abroad. Although I cannot pretend to more than a slight knowledge of the Russian character, I am convinced that the answer given is the real one, queer though it may sound to us. Brought up to believe that Russia suffered a considerable loss when such choreographers as Fokine, Massine and Balanchine, not to mention many celebrated dancers, chose to become permanent exiles, I was surprised to find that in Moscow these persons are objects of pity rather than indignation. As Ulanova said to me, "We feel that Fokine might have accomplished a lot if he had stayed in Russia". As it is—well, if the branch cuts itself off from the tree, what can it expect?

However, the English are not the only people to love the disastrous compromise, and during this year the directors of the Ballet Companies have thrown a sop to

ULANOVA IN "GISELLE", ACT I

patriotism and charity by sending small parties of dancers to give concert performances in the capitals of Eastern Europe. Anyone who has ever watched two classical dancers perform a *pas de deux* on a small stage with the wrong lighting and an opera singer waiting in the wings will know how horrible such a spectacle can be. Consequently I should be surprised if the prestige of the Soviet Ballet has risen in liberated Europe. And this, I fear, is exactly the sort of entertainment the Russians design for England.

So it looks as if, for the immediate future at any rate, English balletomanes will have to make the pilgrimage to Moscow or Leningrad if they wish, not only an exquisite experience, but to provide themselves with a standard of technique against which other Ballet may be judged and measured.

This is not to claim that Ballet in Russia is in anything like a state of perfection. On the contrary, every Russian choreographer and critic feels himself confronted by an urgent problem as yet unsolved. It is this: How to express contemporary life in balletic terms, how to give to Ballet a significance, a meaning, an urgency which will challenge comparison with the drama? "If we can't do it", says Golubov, one of the best and most intelligent critics in the Union, "then Ballet is finished as a living art form. It will become exotic—something for the museum". This problem is an absorbing anxiety in the mind of every Russian choreographer with serious purposes, and they do not make their task easier by steadfastly refusing to have any truck with the one act or experimental Ballet and sticking to four acts, which means each production costs a great deal and takes an enormous time in preparation. For instance, *Cinderella*, the new Prokhofiev

ballet, with choreography by Zaharov, the creator of *Bakchiseraisky Fontan*, apart from the composition of the music, has taken eighteen months in rehearsal. As, much to my regret, I had to leave Russia before the première, I cannot say how successful its creators have been, but I know that much was hoped. The story was so well-known as to admit of the wide interpretation of a myth, and the music so modern as to forbid of any archaic choreography. "The ballerinas simply hate it", one ballet master said to me, smiling, "they can't understand where it begins or ends". It was expected that this, the first serious production since the war, would develop the potentialities revealed by the other Prokhofiev ballet, the lovely *Romeo and Juliet* of 1940, whose sets and dresses were unfortunately burnt during the siege of Leningrad, but which is due for revival this season.

It is interesting perhaps to make a slight comparison with the means by which Ballet abroad attempts to solve this crisis, which is indeed not indigenous to Russia but afflicts the dance everywhere. In selection and treatment of themes, such productions as I have seen in England and America do sometimes seem to have found relevance and significance as well as harmony with modern painting and music, and contrive to express something that is in the minds of the educated middle class (I should be interested to know, however, which are the most popular ballets in the provinces and among the working class), but often these productions reveal a poverty in what the Russians call the lexicon of the dance. Dramatic attitudes are substituted for the more difficult to achieve meanings of the classic dance, and sustained sequences of movements weary the eye with platitudes which are unequal to the task of expressing the theme. Often the effect is apparently achieved by the choreographer using his dancers as a painter might blocks of colour on his canvas. Seldom are we conscious of meaning expressed through th body of the individual dancer. In one or tw journals recently I have come across interes ing, highly literary articles on Ballet, th only trouble being, that if one did not fro time to time come across the specific wo "ballet", one might have thought the autho was writing about a drama, a painting o even a book. What the dancers themselv expressed in the dance movements, as we as how they expressed it, was never men tioned. One could not escape the convictio that the author was more or less unawar of this part of the proceedings, that his ey did not perceive it. Now the very revers is true of the Russian development. Th best of their new ballets show very ric and splendid mouldings of the classic dance though their themes and methods of interpre tation still stick to straightforward romance What still primarily interests Russia audiences are the dancers, what they do and *how they do it*.

A very interesting example of this wa the revival at the Bolshoi last spring of th great classical ballet, *Raymonda*. Now th foreign colony in Moscow—fairly large an all ballet-goers—sent up an almost universa chorus of disapproval. To many sincer lovers of the art who delight in such creation as *Symphonie Fantastique* or *The Three-Cornere Hat*, the spectacle of a dancer in pink tarlata performing a lengthy classical solo is quit meaningless. Perhaps they will notice if sh does it well or ill, but the dance movement themselves cannot rouse them to feelings o delight comparable to those they experienc quite easily on being presented with spectacle of drama and colour, exciting i themselves. Among English audiences I think there are many of this kind, but in Russi the reverse is true. And that is why the like *Raymonda*. Does this mean that the are living artistically in the eighteen-nineties while we have advanced far ahead down th cultural road? Perhaps. But personally

el that we look for different things in llet. For us it is the story, the drama, e presentation that chiefly fascinate us— r the Russians it is the choreography, the ill of the dancers. Now as far as drama es, *Raymonda* is so grotesquely deficient as most to qualify to be the balletic equivalent the play, *Young England*, which was such back-handed success some years ago. With s Crusaders, beautiful maiden, vision scene, d lustful Moor, it is almost a parody of assical ballet. The story is slight enough, t we are not even asked to believe in it. he short periods of stilted mime are dropped r longer ones when the characters change ven on the programme from people to first d second variation. With the conclusion the second act the story ends altogether, d the third, Raymonda's wedding, is simply series of dances. This ballet, however, is ade entrancing by some of the most brilliant and various choreography Petipa ever devised. In this respect it is fully the equal of *The Sleeping Beauty*. The last act contains one of the most dazzling moments in Ballet; this is the great classical *pas* which, danced by eight girls and eight men, gives that transcendent effect of brilliance which is aimed at, but never achieved, by the choruses of mammoth revues. It is perhaps easy to denounce this pure triumph of classical skill and choreography as old-fashioned, which indeed it is; but one should not overlook the interesting fact that the triumph does not materialise if the dancers fail. That the Bolshoi possesses sixteen dancers who are capable of dancing this as it should be danced, is in itself an achievement of the first order. Speaking for myself, I never tire of watching it. For me, repetition only enhances this festival of frothing white and gold, the perfectly disposed limbs, the poised heads,

"RAYMONDA" (LAST ACT) WITH SEMYONOVA

the airy leaps. Style and taste are the icing on this wedding cake, and it can be observed that the Leningrad teachers imported to the Bolshoi have done their work. It is in every sense of that favourite Russian term, a "cultured spectacle".

The Bolshoi, however, could do with many more new ballets in its repertoire. Its directors say that now the war is over this is their intention, but I should be surprised if they ever achieve more than one new ballet a year. Possessing a huge theatre with a gigantic stage, and weighed down by the consciousness that for the average Russian a night at the Bolshoi is a treat that may not happen more than once a year, there is the feeling that every production has got to be colossally expensive and lavish. One can see the argument in favour of this, but why they do not use the Bolshoi filial, the smaller offspring theatre, for more experimental productions I cannot pretend to say. Whereas in England the smaller theatres often tend to be more "advanced" than the larger ones, the reverse is true in Moscow, and the Stanislavsky theatre's Ballet, for instance, is almost down to the level of a circus.

The Ballet in Leningrad is still admittedly superior to any other in taste and originality, though not always in talent or skill. But there are signs that the drift to Moscow has begun, and in fifty years the position of the two theatres may be reversed. Moscow has the magnetic attraction of a capital and is tending to draw teachers and dancers away from the Kirovsky. Ulanova now dances more frequently in Moscow than in her home theatre, and, perhaps more significant still, Leningrad has actually taken some Moscow ballet masters onto its staff. It will be interesting to see if the more famous company will maintain its superiority in the face of Moscow's challenge, or if the changed historical conditions will in time bring about a new orientation.

One last word: in England the criticism is often made that Russian Ballet today is "pre-Diaghilev", the implication presumably being that we are twenty-five years post-Diaghilev while the Russians are still weltering about in the eighteen-nineties. The fact is that no one today can understand Russian art in any of its forms until it is realised that the Russian people are different from the middle-class of the capitalist countries. This is such an obvious fact once you have been to Russia that one would think it would be more generally realised abroad. These differences in philosophy, tastes, ambitions and manners are naturally reflected in art. Much that they produce may not be to our taste but it is certainly not the same sort of thing that they were doing before the revolution. When all is said and done, *The Fountain of Bakchi-serai* though it might seem to us simple and romantic, is not in the least like *Raymonda* or *Swan Lake*. It is a definite advance; not along our lines perhaps, but along Russian ones. If modern Russia could be said to resemble any past epoch, it is that of Elizabethan England rather than the beginning of this century. The immense popularity of Shakespeare in the Soviet Union does not depend on the poetry, which I am told does not translate well, or the educational value but simply because in emotion these plays seem almost topical. Russians go to see them as we go to the latest film. Now I think *The Fountain of Bakchi-serai* would seem credible and exciting to an Elizabethan audience—as it would to an unsophisticated English one. For this reason I think we should hesitate before we denounce it. Fashionable elegance, the subtlety of the psycho-analyst or the surrealist, may all be wanting from the Russian stage, but not passion and vitality or the high leaping of the extravagant flame we feel in *Tamburlaine*. Is the world so rich in these qualities that we can afford to sneer at them wherever they are found? I wonder.

A SURVEY OF BALLET IN THE U.S.A.

By MURRAY N. FRIEDMAN

ALTHOUGH there are many small Ballet groups in America, including those of Massine and Markova-Dolin, the two really important companies are Ballet Theatre and Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Ballet Theatre is probably the finer of the two companies from an all-around point of view. Its tour is less strenuous; there is more time for rehearsals; its repertoire is larger; more new ballets are presented every year; and, in New York, at least, it has a much better auditorium in which to present its offerings. The last-named point is extremely important. The fall season of Ballet Theatre in New York is given at the Metropolitan Opera House for a month or six weeks preceding the opera season (roughly October 1st to November 15th) and for a month or six weeks immediately following the opera season (roughly April 1st to May 15th). The stage is broad enough to accommodate a large company comfortably, and the wing and backstage areas are spacious. Finally, since the financial picture cannot be overlooked, the large seating capacity of the house makes it possible to start the tour with a handsome head start if the New York sojourn has been successful.

Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin are the leading dancers of the Ballet Theatre troupe. They danced regularly with the company during the season just past, but their present relation with the company is not quite clear. No sooner was the final curtain rung down than they set out on a tour of the country with their own small group, joining Ballet Theatre on tour only in the larger cities. They will probably be seen again for the spring season, but Mr. S. Hurok, impresario for Ballet Theatre and for Markova-Dolin, has expressed his intention of enlarging the latter group next year to a full-size company. If that is done, the English dancers will no longer appear with their old colleagues.

Markova, of course, is well known to English audiences. However, she has not been seen in England for some years, and perhaps the British ballet public is not fully aware of the amazing strides forward she has made in that time. She has become the outstanding ballerina of her time, adding authority and polish to her amazing lightness and technique. Her principal roles are in the "white" ballets—*Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, *Les Sylphides*, *Pas de Quatre* and *Aurora's Wedding* —although during the 1945 season she added *Firebird* to her repertoire. *Giselle* is her greatest personal triumph. Her second act is superb, with all the ethereal quality the role demands, and her first act performance

ALEXANDRA DANILOVA

has improved to provide a balanced performance.

Productions of *Swan Lake* by the two major American Ballet companies do not present the full-length version. What we see is an adaptation of Act II, which is sufficiently demanding of the ballerina, but not nearly as much as the longer version would be. Markova is magnificent as the Swan Queen. When she danced with the Vic-Wells, before the war, she was able to maintain her standard of excellence throughout the entire three acts, and it is very likely that if and when the full-length version is introduced, she will be able to carry the burden easily.

Anton Dolin, who almost always appears with Markova, is another familiar name to you people overseas. He has re-arranged and staged all the classical ballets in the repertoire and frequently dances the leading male roles. He is, without a doubt, the finest partner now appearing on any ballet stage in the world. It is interesting to see the confidence of the ballerina when Dolin is in support. His stage presence is uncanny. By common consent he is one of the outstanding showmen now appearing before the footlights in America. Last year he not only danced, but acted in a musical production entitled *The Seven Lively Arts*, where his success in handling lines was no surprise to those who had followed his career. As a solo dancer, his technique now has its limitations, but it must be added that for the past two seasons he has been dancing better than at almost any time since his arrival in America. English balletomanes will have a treat in store when they see Dolin in the title role of *Bluebeard*, where his sure sense of comedy has full play.

Among the regular members of the company, the outstanding personalities are Nana Gollner, permanent classical ballerina, Nora Kaye, permanent dramatic ballerina, André Eglevsky, premier danseur classique, and Alicia Alonso. Miss Gollner is, at present, on maternity leave, and did not appear during the recent season. Her return is eagerly awaited. The only American classical ballerina, she is of true ballerina stature in every sense: brilliant technique, lovely lines and incisive attack. Her best performances are in *Swan Lake*, Lichine's *Helen of Troy*, and Tudor's *Gala Performance*.

Nora Kaye is probably the most interesting ballerina in America today. She is equally at home in classical and dramatic parts, and every year sees a noticeable improvement over the previous one. Although she ranks very close to the top at present, this young dancer has by no means reached her peak. Her training with Fokine and Mordkin has prepared her for the roles of the Swan Queen, Myrtha, Princess Aurora, and for *Pas de Quatre*, but her greatest successes have been in the ballets by Antony Tudor—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Dim Lustre*, *Gala Performance*, *Dark Elegies*, *Jardin aux Lilas*, and *Pillar of Fire*. In the latter, she dances the part of the young girl who gives herself to a man she does not love in her despair over the fear of being an old maid. To me, at least, Nora Kaye in *Pillar of Fire* is one of the great artistic experiences of our time, comparable to Mme. Flagstad as Isolde or to a Toscanini concert. If we could export one ballet and one dancer to England, *Pillar of Fire* would be my choice for the ballet, and Nora Kaye for the dancer.

From a technical standpoint, André Eglevsky is the foremost male dancer in America. Certainly, until Igor Youskevitch returns to the scene, Eglevsky will have no close rival. His elevation, his beats, his turns are phenomenal. Until very recently there was some question as to whether technique was all he had, but a warm and understanding portrayal of Albrecht served to remove much of the doubt. Eglevsky made his début as a choreographer last year in the Marquis de Cuevas' ill-fated Ballet International with *Sentimental Colloquy*, a work that left much

(*Continued on page* 31)

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

The Sleeping Beauty

REVIEWED BY MARY CLARKE

ON February 20th, 1946, when the Sadler's Wells Ballet opened their first season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, a new chapter in the development of English Ballet was started. The move to Covent Garden constitutes, to my mind, essentially a new beginning—the first step towards a completer fulfillment of the claim to status as a National Ballet and entry into the ranks of the world's great companies.

The years of endeavour at Sadler's Wells, and, then, logically, in medium-sized West End theatres, had brought the company to a point whereat they almost achieved perfection —on their own scale. The small-scale classical revivals were enormously popular and competently danced, and the company's choreographers were producing mature and lovely works which used every resource of talent and size that the company possessed. Further development along these lines was becoming difficult, and there was a noticeable tendency on the part of both dancers and directors to mark time and for a moment to rest on their hard-earned laurels. The decision to bring the ballet to Covent Garden, and establish it at London's greatest Opera House, under contract for the next four years, is positive proof that Miss de Valois has no intention of allowing her company to stop short of the very best and that she realises the National Ballet must be able to fill—both actually, in the size of the audiences, and metaphorically, in sheer stage presence—the nation's greatest theatres.

As always, Miss de Valois chose no easy way out, but faced the greatest traditions and memories of the past by choosing *The Sleeping Beauty* as the vehicle in which the Sadler's Wells Ballet should make its Opera House début. This action inevitably takes criticism up to the highest level and pits comparison against not only the memories of the balletgoers who saw Diaghilev's production of *La Belle au Bois Dormant* but against the great mass of printed information which has ensured the continuing fame of that 1921 production. It is not very likely that anyone will come forward to say that the Sadler's Wells *Sleeping Beauty* is quite as good as Diaghilev's, but it is something that Sadler's Wells and Diaghilev *will* be compared and that Fonteyn, who entered the ranks of the great ballerinas with her Giselle, will again (in company with Pamela May) be compared to artists of the calibre of Spessivtseva and Trefilova.

Considering the present level of prices, expenditure on this *Sleeping Beauty* must, one feels, have been almost on the Diaghilev scale. Certainly the company has never in its life had so lavish a production, and Oliver Messel has been allowed full licence to realise his fairyland as he conceived it. He was wise, indeed, not to attempt Bakstian grandeur or regal magnificence which would have weighed

down the young company, but to have concentrated rather on sparkle and radiant, not glowing, colours. *En masse* his colours are enchanting, and I recall with especial pleasure the clear colours of the costumes, blending and separating, in the Farandole of Act II and the way the courtiers merge into the backcloth and become a Watteau canvas as the Lilac Fairy casts her spell. One must remember, however, that even the great Bakst was not infallible when it came to designing costumes *for dancing in*, and many of his most cherished creations were ruthlessly altered, or lightened, when Diaghilev personally inspected them and tested their suitability. There are several of Messel's costumes which seem to occasion some discomfort in their wearers, but could become deliciously balletic with minor alterations.

Of individual costumes, pride of place goes to the superb red velvet one designed for the Prince, and I also liked the Queen's shining robes, the startlingly "right costume and equipage for Carabosse and the whole collection of pages, heralds and maids of honour. The six fairies—and especially their cavaliers—in the Prologue fare less well and moreover seem to have always presented a problem to the designer. The difficulty appears to be that a decorated tutu, although enchanting in design, usually looks heavy on the stage and seems to encumber its wearer. Among the six fairies the simplest costume, that for the Fairy of the Crystal Fountain, was the most effective. And it seemed a pity that the Lilac Fairy should wear so much white when a mass of pure lilac colour would have given her such individuality and warmth. Nevertheless, the general effect of the costumes was pleasing.

Messel's sets, like his costumes, aimed at delicacy and charm rather than architectural magnificance. His soaring columns and wide staircases brought a beautiful sense of light and air upon the stage, but I regretted his heavy encroachment on the floor space which removed the onus from the dancers and gave them, particularly in the first Act, a stage little larger than that of the New Theatre. The two moments of sheer magic in the ballet were, however, contrived very beautifully and operated entirely successfully: the forest grew effortlessly and noiselessly, and the use of gauzes and lighting effects in the awakening scene was most lovely.

In considering the dancing one comes immediately up against the new standard required; instead of calling a performance good or ill purely on the dancer's past showing, we are now faced with another criterion: can he or she hold that enormous stage and can he or she reach to the farthest most places of the great house? So far, only occasional dancers completely succeed. In the Prologue, Julia Farron's Queen, Beryl Grey's Lilac Fairy and both Robert Helpmann and Gordon Hamilton as Carabosse "come over" easily. The choice of Julia Farron for the Queen meant losing one of the most brilliant fairies of the last Wells production of this ballet, but we could not now well forgo her radiant and impulsive portrait. Beryl Grey gave a touchingly sincere performance as the Lilac Fairy, starting with an exceedingly well danced variation and achieving her most memorable moment as she moved almost *sur place* in perfect *pas de bourrée* coaxing the protecting trees to grow ever higher around the sleeping palace. Carabosse must be almost a favourite part for the male character dancer; the two appearances are both brief but have high dramatic value, and a sharply drawn study of the wicked fairy may well steal the Prologue entirely. Both Helpmann and Hamilton gave good performances, and if Hamilton suggested more spite, there could be nothing more malevolent than Helpmann's exit.

Act I opens well with a nicely contrived entrance for the King and Queen and a waltz for the corps de ballet arranged by Frederick

Ashton who, as Nijinska was before him, has been called in to provide new choreography for such episodes as need editing for a modern production. He has decked out the hackneyed waltz with such neatly composed and interesting choreography that one's attention never wanders and it needs only true peasant costumes to become one of the high spots of the ballet. Thereafter we come up against production faults which detract from the effect of this scene. Princess Aurora's entrance—the famous "burst of sunshine" in the original Wells production—is meaningless; the music gives her a terrific "build-up", we catch a glimpse of her, then she leaves the stage (promptly removing all the effect of her first appearance) and returns awkwardly from the wings. Once on, however, be she Fonteyn or May, the whole proceedings are immeasurably enlivened, although I repeat that the Rose Adagio should be given the benefit of quite twice as much floor space as it gets. The production also tends to belittle the character of Carabosse with a weak entrance and a ludicrous "disappearance".

But both ballerinas make amends. Fonteyn in this Act possesses a most lovely radiance of youth. She takes the stage with a quiet authority and reserves any magnificence for the last act, thus making a much stronger contrast between the three acts than does Pamela May. One of Fonteyn's loveliest moments is her distracted little solo after pricking her finger, when she seems literally to blow hither and thither without any effort of her own. It is this Aurora, the gay but gentle princess of sixteen years old, that Fonteyn presents in the Vision Scene, although her gaiety becomes slightly wistful and she has the intangibility of the air. She does not let her Aurora grow up until the awakening kiss when we suddenly realise that she has become a woman during her lost hundred years.

Pamela May starts with a greater magnificence and seems more mature in the Rose Adagio, but becomes suddenly a spoilt yet appealing child as she pricks her finger and holds it out for comfort. Her Vision Scene is presented as a mocking spirit who delights not only in enslaving the Prince but in tantalising him as well. She dances remarkably well in this episode, and on her showing therein alone would merit ballerina status.

The Vision Scene is in many ways the most successful Act of the entire ballet. Jean Bedell's Countess sets the right note at once, the company all dance well and Robert Helpmann's charming Prince is well able to hold the empty stage during his few moments of reflection before the arrival of the Lilac Fairy. It was a stroke of genius on Messel's part to clothe his Prince in so substantial a costume because it firmly sets him apart as a mortal among the sprites and fairies into whose company he falls. Both he and Beryl Grey move easily and confidently through the panorama to the delicious climax of the awakening kiss.

Act III, the dramatically redundant happy ending of the wedding celebrations which contains some of the best choreography in the whole ballet, sets snares a-plenty for the producer. There are so many people to get on, so many to dispose of around the wings when they are on, and of course the purely selective problem of deciding how much of the original form to use and what alterations to make. It seems rather unlikely that the King and Queen would enter an empty ballroom *before* the brilliant company, and I have rarely seen such a weak entrance as that devised for the Prince and Princess at the beginning of their adagio. There seems some general re-arrangement needed here altogether, because if the Prince's solo is to be omitted (as it has been), and the coda music used for the Three Ivans (a dance best left to Russians anyway), the enchanting little Aurora variation is wasted when sandwiched

between the Ivans and the final ensemble. Using the same material, a better sequence might have been to have included the Ivans with the other divertissements, followed with the Aurora solo and saved the grand *pas de deux* for the climax of the act.

The divertissements start with a *pas de trois*, newly arranged by Ashton, for Florestan and his two sisters, which gives opportunities to Gerd Larsen, Anne Negus and Moira Shearer as well as to either Michael Somes or Henry Danton in the male rôle. The girls danced well, but both men failed to come to terms with the choreography of the coda although they handled the solo attractively. The fairy tale episodes of the White Cat and Puss-in-Boots and Red Riding Hood and the Wolf were nicely done—but, of course, Tchaikovsky's music alone makes failure here impossible.

During the last two decades a strange metamorphosis has overtaken the famous Blue Bird *pas de deux*. Originally prized for its great male solo (when it was known as the Blue Bird and the Princess Florina), it then seemed to give equal opportunity to both dancers, and now (commonly referred to as "the Blue Birds") it invariably shows the female dancer to greater advantage. It is thus no special reflection upon the male dancing at Sadler's Wells to say that their Blue Birds were inevitably overshadowed by the excitement of seeing Violetta Prokhorova, a newcomer from the Soviet Union, who made an almost sensational début on the second night of the season and went on to dance even better on later occasions. Watching Prokhorova one realised how *innately* Russians do understand dancing; with other nations dancing must always be learned—albeit they may prove apt pupils. Some differences of training are immediately apparent in her performance; the much greater development of the use of the torso and shoulders, the beautiful correlation of movement which this gives, and the great extension of every line. Technically, Prokhorova is remarkably accomplished, but she is a wonderful example of the golden rule of ballet—that a dancer should acquire technique until it becomes such second nature that she can forget all about it. Prokhorova slips into a superb attitude as easily as you or I would sit in a chair, and she clothes her performance with such artistry that it is an insult to talk about technique at all in connexion with it.

In comparison with such prowess, it is high praise to say that Margaret Dale at alternate performances danced the same rôle with success, and, indeed, this dancer has been seen to advantage throughout the production, notably for her brio in the "finger" variation of the Prologue and the personality which she maintained even under the property mask of the White Cat. Both Turner and Rassine are well-known in the Blue Bird solo; Turner was particularly good at the partnering in the *pas de deux*, but although Rassine did his solo quite nicely he is an uncertain partner.

The *clou* of the whole ballet is, I suppose, the grand *pas de deux* which has been danced out of context so often and comes over with redoubled glory when seen in its right setting. Fonteyn and Helpmann have brought their rendering of this intricate composition to a very high pitch of accomplishment and artistry, and they have consistently given the brilliant performance which one expects from them. Pamela May's achievement was the more remarkable only in that it was the more unexpected. She has acquired a new sureness and speed in her pirouettes which give them real brilliance and, added to her natural gift of the "grand manner" and her sharpness of attack, place her performance among the greatest in English Ballet. David

(*Continued on page* 29)

NOTE.—All the photographs in the following section were taken at rehearsals before all the costumes were completed.

Act I.—The Rose Adagio. Margot Fonteyn, with Harold Turner as the First Prince.
Action photographs by G. B. L. Wilson.
Act I.—The Garland Dance.

Act II.—Robert Helpmann as Prince Florimund, with Jean Bedells as the Countess.
Action photographs by G. B. L. Wilson.
Act II.—(The Vision.) Margot Fonteyn with Beryl Grey as the Lilac Fairy.

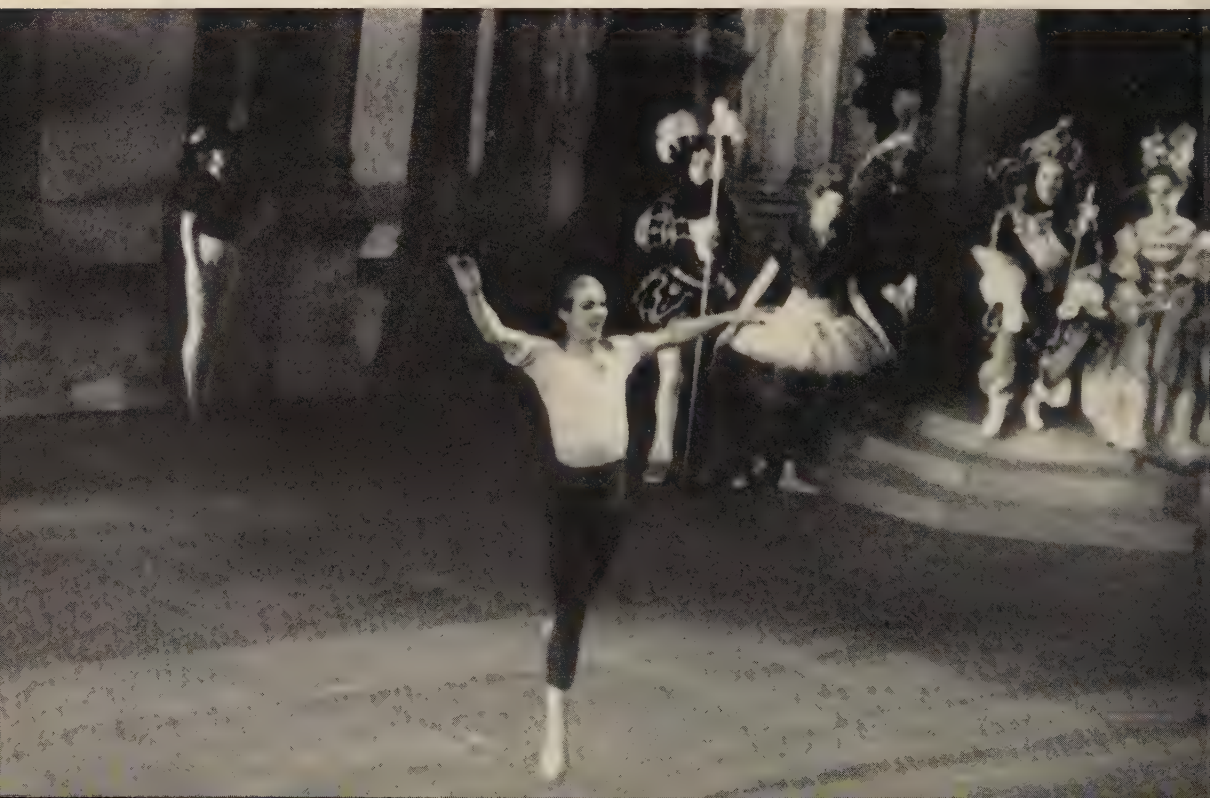
ion photograph by G. B. L. Wilson. Act III.—(The Wedding.) Margaret Dale and Stanley Holden as Puss-in-Boots and the White Cat

Margot Fonteyn in her last act solo.
Action photograph by Peggy Delius.

Moira Shearer in her solo as Florestan's Sister, Act III.
Action photograph by Peggy Delius.

Action photograph by Peggy Delius. Franklin White, Harold Turner and Gordon Hamilton as The Three Ivans, Act III.

Action photograph by G. B. L. Wilson. Act III.—Alexis Rassine as the Blue Bird.



Pamela May as Aurora in her last act solo.

Pamela May and David Paltenghi in the Grand Adagio, Act III.

Action photographs by Peggy Delius.

Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the Grand Adagio, Act III.

Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the Grand Adagio, Act III.
Action photographs by Peggy Delius.
Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the famous "Fish Dive" of the Grand Adagio.

Action photograph by G. B. L. Wilson.
The Sleeping Beauty, Act III.—Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the final pose of the Grand Adagio.

(*Continued from page* 22)

altenghi's Prince I thought lacked elegance, ut he managed the difficult partnering vell.

The Apotheosis, when the six fairies return o bless the wedding, might be so lovely that ne wished more had been done with it than he humdrum entrance at the back of the tage and their incorporation into the final ableau. It was surely a moment when the Covent Garden lighting equipment might ave been worthily utilised, and was isappointing chiefly because the other nagical moments in the ballet had been so ood.

It remains only to hand one of the largest ouquets to Constant Lambert for the way n which he assembled and conducted a very ne orchestra, and to apologise to Moira Shearer whose performances of Aurora were given too late for review in this issue.

Michael Somes' knee injury, which kept him out of *The Sleeping Beauty* after the first week, also necessitated the postponement of Frederick Ashton's *Symphonic Variations* which was to have had its first night on March 20th. Somes is one of the six dancers (the others being Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, Moira Shearer, Henry Danton and Brian Shaw) who comprise the entire cast. As the season is being extended at any rate up till Easter it may be possible for this ballet to have its première towards the end of April. *Dante Sonata* replaces it on the dates already announced. Helpmann's new ballet, *Adam Zero*, with music by Arthur Bliss and décor by Roger Furse, is being presented on Wednesday, April 10th.

Photograph by Edward Mandinian.
Violetta Prokhorova, who is dancing one of the Blue Birds at Covent Garden. She will also appear as guest artist with The Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet.

BALLET EXHIBITION AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

ONE of the most comprehensive Ballet Exhibitions ever arranged in this country will open on March 23rd in the City Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This has been organised for the Theatre Royal Gallery-ites Club (Hon. Sec., Keith Henley) by G. B. L. Wilson, who also arranged for the Arts Council their touring exhibition "A Synopsis of Ballet".

Material is being lent by the London Archives of the Dance, the International Archives of the Dance in Paris, New York's Dance Archives, and displays have been lent by the Royal Academy of Dancing, the Society of Cultural Relations (Soviet Ballet) and the leading ballet companies. Original ballet designs, an historic collection of programmes, photographs, and a "balletomania" section all form a part of this exhibition, which will run for about a month.

BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

WITH all the excitement attendant on the re-opening of Covent Garden, we must not overlook the great activities going on at the parent theatre where the second company, known as the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet, are preparing for their first performances of full evenings of Ballet. They will be giving fifteen performances during the Opera Season there, commencing on Monday, April 8th, and henceforward each Monday and for alternate Saturday matinées until the season ends on June 22nd.

The principal dancers will be June Brae, Leo Kersley, Joan Harris, George Gerhardt and Eric Hyrst, with Violetta Prokhorova as guest artist. She will appear as the Sugar Plum Fairy in the last act of *Casse Noisette*, which will be given on the opening night. The other two ballets on that occasion will be *Promenade* and a new work, *La Belle Assemblée*, with choreography and décor by Andrée Howard. The period is the 1830's, and the ballet is a divertissement to Bizet's Symphony which he composed in 1855, but which had to wait eighty years for its first public performance. Other ballets to be performed during this season will be *Les Sylphides*, *Les Patineurs*, *Le Spectre de la Rose* for Brae and Kersley, and probably *The Gods Go a'Begging*. Andrée Howard is also contemplating a revival of *La Fête Etrange*, which made a deep impression when it was given at the Arts Theatre during the early days of the war. This ballet has music by Fauré and a décor by Sophie Fedorovitch.

(Continued from page 18)

o be desired. In *Petrouchka*, as the Moor, n *Spectre de la Rose*, in *Helen of Troy*, as Paris, in *Aurora's Wedding*, as the Bluebird, nd in Balanchine's *Apollo*, he has roles that how off his talents to the best advantage. The only real complaint now heard is that he does not dance often enough.

Alicia Alonso, a young Cuban dancer who has attracted a large public in America, is he coming dancer in the company. In fact, ccording to many critics, she has already rrived. Endorsed with flawless technique, beautiful line and the temperament of a true allerina, she has made amazing strides orward in the past year or two. Two years go she made her first American attempt as iselle with very satisfactory results. After successful Giselle in Havana last summer, he was given an opportunity to try the role n New York last October. Technically she arried off the part in scintillating fashion, nd her dramatic style should develop as she works into the character. Her best work has been done in *Les Sylphides*, *Aurora's Wedding*, the grand classical *pas de deux* in ichine's *Graduation Ball* and in *Pas de Quatre*. As her admirers had predicted, when she ssayed a Tudor ballet, *Romeo and Juliet*, she chieved general acclaim as the tragic Juliet.

Among the soloists, John Kriza and Janet Reed are the most gifted performers. Kriza s the "work horse" of the company, requently dancing in three ballets in a single evening for evenings on end. The work has erved only to point up his versatility and romise. He is equally at home in classical allet and modern American ballet. The list f his roles is almost coincidental with the epertoire of the company. He has appeared vith distinction in *Les Sylphides*, *Swan Lake*, *Aurora's Wedding* (Bluebird), *Romeo and Juliet*, Agnes de Mille's *Tally Ho*, *Graduation Ball*, erome Robbins' *Fancy Free*, Simon Semenoff's *Gift of the Magi*, Michael Kidd's *On Stage*! *Pillar of Fire*, Robbins' *Interplay*, and many

ALEXANDRA DANILOVA AND FREDERIC FRANKLIN IN "MOZARTIANA"; BALLET BY GEORGES BALANCHINE

others. As his popularity increases, he is given more to do, and if Dolin definitely severs his connection with the company, you can look for Kriza to be brought forward to take his place.

Janet Reed, red-haired and tiny, is another favourite of both critics and public. She has appeared in a wide variety of roles, but made her greatest success in *Fancy Free*. Sound technique and a very engaging stage personality have won her plaudits in *Pas de Quatre*, *Graduation Ball*, *On Stage*!, *Aurora's Wedding*, and *Pillar of Fire* (younger sister), to name only a few. *Tally Ho* finds her at the top of her form. I think I prefer her in that ballet to almost any other. Norman Thomson, now dancing in England, who has danced with Miss Reed in the San Francisco Ballet, tells me she is the easiest dancer to "partner" he has ever worked with.

So much for the dancers. There are others among these young dancers, but perhaps it

will be possible to discuss them in a later article.

The choreographic staff now has no permanent member. New works are offered each year, and almost every season sees a new choreographer represented. Antony Tudor was, until this year, resident choreographer, but has parted company with Ballet Theatre. It is hoped he will return in the near future. Some of his best work has been done in America—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Pillar of Fire*, *Undertow*. Many new productions are financed by a non-profit organisation, Ballet Associates of America, composed of dance lovers throughout the country. Through their contributions, music is commissioned, sets painted, costumes designed, etc. In addition, less expensive works may be paid for by the company itself, or by some wealthy friend. Among the new talents brought forth are Agnes de Mille, whose work is already known in England. *Tally Ho* and *Three Virgins and A Devil* are among her successes. Twenty-six year old Jerome Robbins, formerly a dancer in the company, is best known for *Fancy Free*, a smash hit of two years ago. Last season he added *Interplay* to his creations. Last season, too, Michael Kidd came into prominence with *On Stage!*, while John Taras, a disciple of Balanchine, made his début with *Graziana*.

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is the result of the split in Colonel de Basil's company in 1938. Leonide Massine, who was formerly the leading artistic spirit behind the company, is no longer with it. In New York, Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo appears at the City Center Theatre, not an ideal house for Ballet. Added to the limitations of the stage is the fact that the house is rather smaller than the "Met". Furthermore, the policy of a $2.40 top price for seats, just half that of the "Met", reduces the weekly gross considerably.

Leading the roster is the incomparable Alexandra Danilova, last of the great artists in the old tradition. She is the connecting link with the days of the Diaghilev Ballet. Like Tennyson's brook, she seems to go on for ever, dancing better, if anything, each year. Her style is varied and rich, her rhythm perfect, and her stage intelligence a thing to study. As the Swan Queen, as Swanilda and as the Street Dancer in *Le Beau Danube* she is thrilling. There is no dancer on the American ballet stage to rival her in popularity.

Frederic Franklin, maître de ballet, is the leading male dancer of the company. His roles are many and varied, from the humorous and demi-caractère Baron in *Gaîté Parisienne* and humour in *Le Beau Danube* through the favourite slave in *Scheherazade*, and the cow-boy in Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo* to Franz in *Coppelia* and the prince in *Swan Lake*. Even in the intricate Balanchine ballets like *Danses Concertantes* he is at home. His dancing is characterised by technical competence plus athletic grace.

Second ballerina in the company is Nathalie Krassovska. She is beautiful to watch, whether in Nijinska's *Snow Maiden*, Schwezoff's *Red Poppy* or as the young girl in *Beau Danube* as well as in the classical roles. I do not feel that she is a great dancer, but she is certainly a very good one.

Leon Danielian is a young man who will bear attention. He is strong, with wonderful elevation and good beats. In the *pas de deux* from the *Nutcracker*, he invariably brings the house down. He is quite young and will undoubtedly acquire polish as he goes along.

My own idea of a charming, intelligent and gifted dancer is Ruthanna Boris, formerly prima ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. Her training has been sound (she has been schooled by Balanchine, himself), and to see her in Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* or Ruth Page's *Frankie and Johnnie* is a genuine treat.

Marie-Jeanne is ideal for Balanchine ballets.

(*Continued on page* 44)

THE FIRST NIGHT OF 'PETROUCHKA' IN LONDON

By JANET LEEPER

WITH the re-opening of Covent Garden, memories come crowding to the loor. But among them all, one stands out harply on its own—the first night in London of *Petrouchka*, given by the Russian Ballet o a crowded and excited house on February th, 1913. First performances of new ballets vere nearly always given by the Diaghilev ompany in Paris, and *Petrouchka* was no xception, but news of this most original allet had crossed the Channel, desire to see t was great and speculation about it was ife. Stravinsky had already made his name vith his wonderful score for *L'Oiseau de Feu*, nd the house was prepared for the music—r thought it was. What it was less prepared or was Alexandre Benois' décor and the rilliant *mise en scène*, for Covent Garden vas associated in the public mind with the nost old-fashioned Grand Opera scenery and taging imaginable.

On this occasion the proceedings began s they should with the original drop curtain, picture of the Showman, enthroned on louds, to set the mood for the ballet. I ave always regretted the disappearance of his cloth, severe, startling and charged with nystery as it was, and the substitution of nother on different lines. On that first night ts effect was tremendous, and when the urtain rose, disclosing the wonderful hetero-eneous Russian crowd of a hundred years go surging round the booths at the Fair, he audience were entranced and spellbound t all they saw.

That crowd has never been equalled since hose early days of the Diaghilev Ballet, alive s it was with the spirit of its creators, Benois and Stravinsky. The choreography of Fokine had re-created Old Russia in carnival time with masqueraders, gypsies, organ-grinders, noblemen, coachmen, nursemaids —a *corps de ballet* of soloists and *virtuosi* each contributing his or her part to the whole, like players in an orchestra. Blown hither and thither on the wings of desire, the crowd surged round the booths, and when the puppets were brought out by the Show-man—Cecchetti miming the part at the top of his form—the audience themselves were in the state of children at a fair, avid for the unknown. Were the creatures dolls? Were they human beings? Would they dance? We knew nothing, we could only watch, fascinated and enthralled. It was impossible, on that first night, to listen to the music. We were too much absorbed with the story of the half-human puppets and its climax. As the scenes were changed, a loud clamour of percussion broke forth in the orchestra, so that no one should be able to draw breath, talk to his neighbour, or lose for a moment the tense atmosphere of the drama. We felt that momentous things were going on out of sight on the stage; we felt indeed as though events were *still in progress* as we waited for the curtains to swing aside once more.

Unforgettable pictures come back of Nijinsky: Petrouchka in his little room, battering on the walls in a frenzy of pain and longing, half-human, half-puppet, trying to find a way out of his cell, and catching sight of the portrait of his master, executing a sort of Emperor-worship act before it of hideous significance. Or his ecstatic dance of worship and admiration of a different

(*Continued on page* 36)

A MERCHANT : DESIGN BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS FOR "PETROUCHKA"

Reproduced by kind permission of John Carr Doughty, Esq.

THREE PEASANT WOMEN : DESIGNS BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS FOR "PETROUCHKA"

Reproduced by kind permission of John Carr Doughty, Esq.

kind, when the Dancer suddenly appears in his room, Karsavina excelling in the part with all the elegance and perfection of execution of a great ballerina, her personality effaced behind a mask-like expression, betokening a heartless, soulless creature. Another scene: the Moor, gaudy with plumes, sunk in primeval sloth of mind, worshipping a coconut in a room the walls of which are covered with gorgeous patterns of palm trees in vivid colours against a scarlet background. The influence of Bakst and Benois, had we but known it, was in the next few years to permeate almost every field of European art and lead to a revival of delight in bright colours for dresses and furnishings, while men were to discard their drab Edwardian clothes and put on gay pullovers even in suburbia. But this was still unguessed at as we saw *Petrouchka* for the first time that night, the gay crowd turning now to this, now to that, every incident reflected in the brilliant orchestration, the ponderous music as the Bear-leader moves through the crowd, the wild clatter as the masqueraders rush upon the stage, scattering the crowd, the dance of the nurses and the coachmen filling the theatre with the swelling rhythm of a folk song we were all to sing on our way home. And so to the death of Petrouchka:—"See, see", says the Showman as the crowd gathers round and the real dancer slips away unseen, "It is only a doll!" And as he walks away, sawdust drips from the limp figure he is dragging along the ground. The snow begins to fall and suddenly, there is Nijinsky, up on the roof top, the agonising discords of his half-human shrieks ringing in our ears, a ghastly light on his face, the Ghost of Petrouchka come to mock his Master. . . . It is terrific, an awe-inspiring apparition.

That night set the seal on the success of the Russian Ballet in London and on the fame of Nijinsky. It was the high-water mark, the zenith. As I think of the Petrouchkas I have seen since, of Woizikowsky, Massine, or Shabelevsky, who were each in their way outstanding, they seem to vanish away before the impact of that first impassioned performance by Nijinsky, so pathetic, so marvellous in its power of characterisation, which he was to repeat with unfailing success until his tragic illness carried him away from the theatre.

When the curtain fell, Covent Garden was filled with a wildly cheering crowd of enthusiasts. There was not a soul in the theatre who did not feel he had been present at a performance of the highest importance and originality. Many of us did not attempt to understand what we had seen, all we knew was that we had been carried off our feet and that we liked this ballet best of all. But something had happened which was to decide the whole trend of modern Ballet. For up till that moment Fokine's experiments had all been extensions of the accepted conventions of Ballet—a story lending itself to æsthetic or romantic or dramatic treatment by means of dancing. With the advent of *Petrouchka*, a new kind of ballet came into being in which ideas were to find expression instead of pure narrative or mood. The *coryphées* were forgotten and décor and music became an integral part of the whole. No was any subject *taboo*. Sometimes the ideas chosen for ballets were so far ahead of their time that the public would not accept them. This was the fate of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, Nijinsky's ballet produced in Paris the following May, which after countless rehearsals received only six performances. Had it come twenty years later it would certainly have had the rich success it deserved, for as a study of primitive rites and of what might be called reflections on reading *The Golden Bough*, it was unique. It paved the way for the abstract ballets to symphonic music which followed much later.

In Russia, the four-act ballet on traditional lines seems to be living on as a creative

(*Continued on page 44*)

IS BALLET REALLY POPULAR?

By ERNEST FRASER

IN Britain today Ballet enjoys larger audiences than at any other time in history. There are several good Ballet Companies which perform over widely scattered areas and always play to packed houses. But is Ballet really popular? Or perhaps we should ask: Is Ballet really appreciated? There is no doubt that it is popular—the long queues and hysterical applause which accompany every performance of practically any company show this. But the desire to see Ballet and its noisy acclamation is no indication that it is properly appreciated. Too often we are left with the impression that the star performers are applauded for their personalities rather than for their dancing; the ballet is applauded for its décor and its theatrical presentation rather than for its choreography and real emotion.

The problem is really that of the whole star system, whether in respect of Ballet, Theatre, or Film. It seems to be a fundamental of human nature to demand beings through whom they can imagine a different and higher existence. This is the force which makes all religions; it has created all mythology from the Greek gods to Aimée Macpherson. It is at the root of the feeling which demands stars today. The ordinary person, not very beautiful, not very intelligent, leading a not very happy life, lost in a huge universe, seeks to lose herself or himself in the imagined beautiful existence of near perfect beings. Ballet provides a near perfect basis for such imagination: illusion of another existence is made easier by the absence of speech; Ballet is well dressed—the décor sparkles; the personalities of the chief dancers are impressed on the audience by lighting and music. Ballet, too, has an old tradition

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stretching back several hundred years through the courts of Europe; inevitably, therefore, its descendants today bask in the glow of this transmitted and reflected glory. The audience imagines itself to be counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses; it thinks itself the élite, not so much of the intelligentsia as of the new aristocracy: the new patrons of the arts. Their very familiarity with the nicknames of the stars shows that they consider themselves their superiors. That is, outwardly of course; inwardly they feel just as inferior as ever—but applause and a lot of noise will get over that.

Ten years ago there were two Ballet Companies in this country. Today there are six—all successful. The Ballet audience has grown with the years; it is not only a wartime movement—it is a movement of this century. It is difficult to find one reason only for this, we can cite a number of contributory causes. First and foremost is the reason already mentioned—the desire for stars; but this is fostered by a desire for beauty—a desire which is a reaction against the ugliness of modern towns and modern conditions of living. Ballet, or modern Ballet, is essentially an adjunct to an urban sophisticated existence; peasant folk dances are not liked very much until they are theatricalised out of their original form. For example, British audiences tend to be a little embarrassed at the hearty naïveté of the *Cracow Wedding*, but are perfectly at home in *Scheherezade*, which, though still quite foreign in content, possesses the richness of décor and emotion which they all want. So during the past years many more people have come to find in Ballet the escape they have secretly desired for so long. Films used to give them this, but that became rather common, and Ballet, whose themes are not always immediately understandable, gave them the escape with intellectual importance.

One of the interesting outcomes of this is the fact that audiences will make their own stars once they have become self-convinced of the goodness of Ballet. The title of ballerina, who started in history receiving applause for her real merit, is now gratuitously bestowed on the leading female dancer of any company or even any Ballet. Once a section of the audience has become the fans of Miss A, then in whatever role she may appear, however well or ill she may dance or be suited to the part, she is sure of the heartiest ovation. Applause is actually the means by which an audience can show its true feeling, and, if it is withheld at suitable moments, may do a great deal of good. Indiscriminate applause as it occurs at the moment not only does Miss A harm by allowing her to get self-satisfied, but does the whole Ballet movement a real wrong by allowing completely false standards to gain ascendency.

The real appreciation of Ballet is something which is, of course, difficult to define. It is something which comes upon you at some stage in your life, and which from that moment on never ceases to grow and give an indefinable pleasure. For years, for example, one can look at the works of a particular painter and be quite unmoved. Then suddenly, through the mood, and a few drinks, or the love of someone, his works become alive and full of a meaning one never before suspected; it is a feeling of completeness and happiness with life, and something you cannot understand until you have experienced it. But during all the years before it would have been so easy to pretend that you liked the painter; to have learned off all his points which were considered good, and lived in a sort of dream world of acquired superiority but actual atrophy. And that is the trouble with most of the people who comprise present-day Ballet audiences; they deceive themselves and attempt to deceive the rest of us into believing that because they adore the stars they appreciate

(*Continued on page 40*)

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MOST EXCITING HAIR WAVING NEWS FOR YEARS STOP

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(*Continued from page* 38)

Ballet. Often the present-day stars are first-class dancers—though some males tend to dance the showy roles rather than the ones which require real technique—but this is not the main point of approbation: this remains their personalities and theatrical presence. This is a general article, and I have so far tried to avoid names. But I must illustrate this last point by mentioning one name—Sally Gilmour. She is a beautiful dancer and a dancing personality (as opposed to a mere theatre personality), full of lightness and life. She is, if one may put it that way, a connoisseur's piece, someone who has many admirers but few fans because of her lack of flashiness or any form of showing off. She is a living example of the whole falsity of the present audience position. On the other hand, the strength of fans in some other cases has not only altered the dancer's personality, but caused new ballets to be produced which encourage the fans' idea of the dancer rather than the true dancer.

Another danger with the present-day type of audience is that by its very ignorance it will exert a reactionary influence on Ballet. Knowing only the rudiments of Ballet tradition, it will be immediately hostile to anything which represents a new idea; not having a really fundamental grasp of Ballet, it will be incapable of appreciating any extension into a new form. This has always been something of a problem, but is far worse today. The same mind which shrieked at the first performances of *L'Apres-midi d'un Faune* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* is the one which shrieks at the paintings of Picasso, and which will shriek when the next revolutionary step is taken in Ballet. The time is obviously approaching when this will occur —the solid tradition which has grown up in Britain during the past ten years or so is ready to be built upon, but this building will meet with an indifferent reception due to a complete lack of understanding.

It is difficult to see what can be done to alleviate the situation. The moving of Sadler's Wells to Covent Garden, though admirable in every other way (and it is really heartening to think that a British Ballet Company will be able to pack the opera house every night), nevertheless carries with it a tinge of regret for it means that present audience tendencies will be enhanced. Those newcomers to the Ballet, who will come out of genuine interest, will note the vociferous applause which follows a dancer or a ballet and, unless very discerning, will accept the standards of the rest of the audience. Thus the vicious circle will be completed, and Ballet, though playing to much wider audiences than ever before, may be held back in actual progress of form and expression. The idea of small experimental Ballet in intimate theatres to ensure this progress is not good; Ballet needs to be seen in a fair-sized theatre, otherwise no illusion is created. But any fair-sized company in a fair-sized theatre automatically makes its own fans whether it likes it or not. The only thing to ask is that dancers and choreographers alike be true to themselves, rely on their own good taste, and ignore the dictates of the sycophantic multitude.

POLLARD CROWTHER PHOTOGRAPHS

The London Archives of the Dance,
32 Cranley Gardens,
S.W.7.

To the Editor of "Ballet Today".

Dear Sir,—Many of the early productions of Ballet Rambert of the Vic-Wells Ballet and of the Camargo Society, were photographed by the late Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S., and in some cases these are the only pictorial records of these ballets which exist. For some time I have been trying to acquire copies of these photographs, but I am informed by Mr. Crowther's daughter, Mrs. Foster, that the negatives perished along with his furniture during an air-raid.

It occurs to me that some of your readers may have copies of these photographs which they would be willing to present to the London Archives of the Dance, or failing that, might be ready to lend them to me so that I may have copies made of the best of them, and present one set to the Archives and another to Mrs. Foster, who has expressed her approval of my suggestion.

I need hardly add that such photographs would be treated with every care and returned as soon as possible.

Yours truly,
L. J. H. BRADLEY.

THE LONDON ARCHIVES OF THE DANCE

HITHERTO those who seek information and advice in matters relating to ancing in all its aspects and to the allied rts have had no one centre in England to hich they can turn, such as Paris and lew York have acquired in the Archives nternationales de la Danse and the Dance rchives of the Museum of Modern Art.

To supply this deficiency the London rchives of the Dance was created just over year ago with a Board of Trustees consisting f Messrs. Cyril Beaumont (now President), ionel Bradley (Chairman and Hon. Treasurer), hristmas Humphreys and Deryck Lynham, whom have recently been added Mme deline Genée and Mr. Bronson Albery as epresentatives of the dancing profession and he theatrical world.

The founding nucleus of the new Archives the collection assembled by Messrs. umphreys and Lynham for the Ballet Guild nd generously handed over to the L.A.D. hough incomplete, it is comprehensive in s scope and includes a substantial library f books, including original manuscripts; bretti, playbills, programmes and souvenir ooklets, from Diaghilev and his predecessors the present day; lithographs and original esigns; diaries and letters of Taglioni, ecchetti and other well-known dancers; ersonal souvenirs of many artists; musical cores; press-cuttings from all over the world; nd photographs and other material relating to ost of the companies of today.

Three important additions have been made uring the past year:—

(1) A collection of unpublished manuscript ll scores of the music composed by Georges acobi for the Alhambra from 1878 to 1898.

(2) The Bolitho collection of some 250 iano scores of ballets from the 18th century the present day.

(3) The Margaret Rolfe collection of per-nal souvenirs of Taglioni.

The first two collections were purchased, the third was presented by Miss Rolfe, who was herself, as a very little girl, a member of the great dancer's classes in deportment. Mr. Arnold Haskell has promised a collection of more than 500 photographs.

There must be many other private collections, large or small, and it may be hoped that they will no longer be lost to this country or dispersed, but will be presented, bequeathed or sold to the L.A.D. Living dancers could greatly help by offering signed photographs of themselves in their chief rôles.

Ideally the Archives should have a home of its own, with workshops and store-rooms, library, archives, museum, exhibition galleries and a lecture hall in which film shows, concerts and dance displays could also be given. That must wait for more propitious times, but there is good reason to hope that very shortly another organisation will be able to offer accommodation, which will be ample for the present, where the collections can be housed and displayed to the public.

In the meantime the L.A.D. needs a substantial regular income so that important purchases may be made, as opportunity offers, and a permanent Curator be appointed to attend to public enquiries and card-index the collection.

It is hoped that from among the thousands who are interested in dancing there will be a large number who will agree to become Friends of the L.A.D. by subscribing not less than £1 a year, preferably by Covenant. These Friends will receive advance notice of meetings arranged by the L.A.D., and occasional pamphlets, and will also be entitled to buy tickets for shows or books published by the L.A.D. at a reduced rate. The Hon. Secretary, 5 Montana Road, Wimbledon, London S.W.20, will be pleased to supply any further information.

AN ANATOMY OF BALLET CLUBS

By G. B. L. WILSON

" . . . two Englishmen, a game of cricket and three Englishmen, a club".

THE eccentric behaviour of Englishmen is well understood by other nations, and it completely explains the astonishing number of Ballet Clubs which are now being formed all over the country—sometimes in towns never visited by Ballet Companies. Instead of becoming a nation of individual balletomanes, we have canalised our enthusiasm and have turned it to useful purpose.

There are two distinct sides of the activities of a Ballet Club, and this is often indicated in its two scales of subscription—one for dancing members and another for non-dancing members. The latter are those who are interested in Ballet as an art-form, who wish to discuss it with their fellow-members and to hear the monthly lectures on Ballet which the Club arranges. They are the typical intelligent members of a ballet audience. The dancing members are the town's resident Ballet Company, and their great interest is in the annual production of a ballet—with choreography possibly by the local teacher of dancing, music arranged or composed by a talented local musician, and costumes created by the mothers of the performers from designs sketched in the local School of Art. The presentation of this ballet in the Town Hall is one of the great events of the Ballet Club's year. If it appears worthy it will be entered for the R.A.D. Production Club's competition in London, with M. Idzikowsky's Harlequin figure as the prize for the best choreographer.

The other great event of the year is the visit of the Sadler's Wells or the Rambert Companies, with their opportunities of indulging in some friendly balletomania, some hospitality to the Company, and a lecture by Miss Ninette de Valois, Madame Rambert or Mr. Arnold Haskell.

Many Clubs are well-known and well established and have already made niches for themselves—pride of place going to London's Ballet Guild, and Miss Molly Lake's Company with a record of pioneer work comparable with the Rambert and Sadler's Wells Ballets. Oxford University's Club has of necessity a constantly changing membership, and will always be remembered by its publications of *Arabesque* during the enthusiastic reign of Denis Frankel. Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Cambridge and many more beside—all have their organisations; but a special word must be said about the Edinburgh Ballet Club, which has attracted round Miss Marjory Middleton all the artistic elements, musicians, sculptors, writers and painters of the city—for it is a model of all that a Ballet Club should be. Scotland has a native tradition for dancing, and Edinburgh a long tradition of culture; in the Club these have fused together and made Mr. Haskell predict recently that they would soon become the Scottish National Ballet. The recent visit of the Sadler's Wells Ballet was turned by the Club into a full-scale Ballet Festival with exhibitions, lectures, parties and displays. Other clubs would do well to study their methods.

Probably on account of their recent and rapid growth, there is little intercourse between the various clubs, but two events have recently occurred which are likely to work a great change. First, the Arts Council of Great Britain (C.E.M.A.) is showing great encouragement to the formation of Arts Clubs in the provinces—and helping them financially, and with lectures. These Arts Clubs often have a Ballet Section, into which the old Ballet Clubs can be merged without losing their special identity, or new clubs formed

Secondly, the R.A.D. Production Club is making a register of all the existing Ballet Clubs, with a view to co-ordinating them, forming an Association of Ballet Clubs and encouraging their productions. In this way the whole dancing talent of the country can be brought under one survey, and the best use made of it, provincially and in the great National Companies. More details of this scheme will be announced later.

All these developments among Ballet Clubs have taken place in the last few years only, and it is clear that we are only at the beginning of a very important movement in Ballet, and one which may well create in Great Britain a stream of Ballet Tradition comparable with that which has existed in Russia for over a century.

[*Note.*—The Editor wishes to collect statistical information about all Ballet Clubs. If the Secretaries will send details (Officials' names, address, membership, date of foundation, activities and any other relevant information), these will be collated and possibly printed in tabular form in later editions of *Ballet Today*.]

Forthcoming Events

BALLET RAMBERT

Following upon their E.N.S.A. tour of Germany, the Ballet Rambert are appearing at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, for the two weeks commencing March 18th. This is the home of the Citizens' Theatre, and the Ballet Rambert are the first outside company ever to appear there. They then go to Inverness for the week commencing April 1st, with a final week in Scotland at Perth, and then go to Salisbury on April 15th. Their plans for this year include two London seasons, the first being at Sadler's Wells Theatre for six weeks, commencing July 1st. They are adding *Le Spectre de la Rose* to their repertoire, and other plans include the complete two-act *Giselle* for which Hugh Stevenson is now preparing the costumes and *décor* for the first act, and a new ballet by Walter Gore, *Mr. Punch*. Ronald Wilson is the designer and it has an original score by Arthur Oldham.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Below are details of their current tour, sometime during which their production of the *Masque of Comus* will be presented with music by Handel and a *décor* by Doris Zinkeisen.

April 1st	- -	Blackpool, Opera House.
April 8th	- -	Bournemouth, Pavilion.
April 15th	- -	Norwich, Theatre Royal.
April 22nd	- -	Leicester, Opera House.
April 29th	- -	Leeds, Grand Theatre.
May 6th	- -	Sheffield, Lyceum.
May 13th	- -	Oxford, New Theatre.
May 20th	- -	Bristol, Hippodrome.
May 27th	- -	Coventry, Hippodrome.
June 3rd	- -	Northampton, New Theatre.
June 10th	- -	Newcastle, Royal Theatre.

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(*Continued from page* 32)

Ballet in the U.S.A.

This former ballerina in the Marquis de Cuevas' Ballet International has just joined Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and scored in *Concerto Barocco* and *Ballet Imperial.* Maria Tallchief, a half American-Indian dancer, is another strong and talented dancer.

One of the chief assets of Balle Russe de Monte Carlo is the fact that Georges Balanchine uses the company as an outlet for his new ballets. Balanchine is probably the most original and gifted choreographer in America, if not in the world. Such great works as *Mozartiana*, performed in London by Les Ballets 1933, *Concerto Barocco*, to Bach's double violin concerto, *Chopin Concerto*, *Ballet Imperial*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Danses Concertantes* are all in the current repertoire. If London sees only the new Balanchine creations, it will have a sufficient reason to import Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

(*Continued from page* 36)

'Petrouchka'

force. Perhaps before long we shall have an opportunity of seeing these new ballets which, building on the tradition of Tchaikovsky, have delighted visitors to the U.S.S.R. For this, large training schools maintained by the State are necessary, as they require an almost inexhaustible supply of *prima ballerinas* and *premiers danseurs* for their performance. In England we have followed the path first indicated by *Petrouchka*; and indeed such diverse modern ballets as *Hamlet*, *Checkmate*, *Lady into Fox* and *Miracle in the Gorbals* all owe a direct debt to Fokine's masterpiece. At that date we were under the illusion that the productions of the Diaghilev Ballet were typical of Russian Ballet as seen in Russia. The truth was, of course, that they were daring innovations by a group of artists working together in a ferment of enthusiasm, far from official sanction or help—precariously creating works of lasting significance for posterity.

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One of the outstanding models from our Spring Collection — all wool — off white only, with dolman sleeves and decorated buttons. This is only one of the Martinex Spring Coats. Ask to see them all, or, if in difficulty, write M. & S. MARTIN Ltd., 17 Berners Street, London W.1

Shampoo for lovely hair

Unless you take care of it your hair may easily become dull and lifeless-looking. But a **regular** Amami Shampoo will make it look really attractive again and you'll be able to say goodbye to all your hair worries. If your hair is dark you should use Amami No. 1. If fair — use Amami No. 5. Amami Shampoos are **4d.** each, inclusive of Purchase Tax.

. . . and now for perfection's final touch!

A few drops of quick-drying, non-oily, non-sticky, Amami Wave Set will give you lovely waves and perfect little curls. Two kinds: AMAMI STANDARD and AMAMI SPIRITOUS. **10½d.** & **2/1½d.** per bottle, inclusive of Purchase Tax.

AMAMI

SHAMPOOS and WAVE SETS

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Printed by Bemrose & Sons Ltd., Derby, and Published by
Newman Wolsey Ltd., 13 Carley Street, Leicester, and London